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**Bericht über die neuere Literatur zur deutschen Landeskunde.**  
**(Bd. III, 1902 und 1903). Von Prof. Dr. Alfred Kirchhoff und**  
**Prof. Dr. Willi Ule.** v and 250 pp., Ferdinand Hirt, Breslau, 1906.  
 (Price, M. 7.50.)

Bibliographies of German geographical literature and map products are of especial value to geographers, because Germany has still so much to teach the rest of the world as to the content of geography and the methods of using geographical data in books and maps. For these reasons the third volume of this report on German geographical literature in 1902-1903 will be as heartily welcomed as the earlier volumes. The contents are so classified that every literary and cartographic reference is easily found. Under nearly all the titles are a few lines of descriptive or critical matter.

**Aimé Bonpland, Médecin et Naturaliste, Explorateur de l'Amérique du Sud, Sa Vie, Son Œuvre, Sa Correspondance, avec un choix de pièces relatives à sa Biographie, un Portrait et une Carte. Par le Dr. E. T. Hamy,** Membre de l'Institut, etc. E. Guilmoto, Paris, 1906.

To follow up the publication of the correspondence of Alexander von Humboldt with the letters written by Humboldt's life-long friend was a happy thought of the President of the Society of Americanists, and it is executed by him in his characteristic commendable manner. The correspondence of Bonpland fills a gap in biography which the writings of de Angelis, de Moussy, and the work of Brunel had left open. In fact, a biography of Bonpland, or any material therefor, is a welcome addition to that of Humboldt also, so intimately are the lives of these two men linked, although they took leave of each other in 1816 for the rest of their lives, though neither in spirit nor in feeling was their mutual attachment ever impaired; it rather seemed to grow with age. Humboldt was born in 1769, Bonpland saw the light of the world, at La Rochelle, four years later (August 28, 1773). They met accidentally, at Paris, in a doorway; Bonpland was carrying botanical apparatus, Humboldt noticed it, and the connection was made, for the benefit of science and humanity.

Bonpland was educated for the practice of medicine, and as a naval surgeon began his career at Rochefort and Toulon. Upon his return to Paris he entered definitely upon the course of studies that was to fit him more particularly for explorations and researches in distant, unstudied lands. The outcome of his labours in botany is a household word to scientists, but he was not less informed on zoological (fossil and living) and geological topics. In every way a worthy associate of Humboldt, he exercised a healthy influence upon the work of the great physicist. The two men complemented each other, in knowledge and in the methods of advancing and applying it. It is perhaps regrettable that Bonpland did not remain longer in Europe, after his return with Humboldt in 1804. He had been very well received, and shared, in fact, all the scientific honours bestowed upon his illustrious companion. The Imperial Government of France assigned to him, in compensation of a part of his botanical collections, an annual pension of 3,000 francs. How that sum, comparatively small at the present day, was appreciated by the beneficiary can be gathered from his letter of March 18, 1805, to the husband of his sister: "Felicitate me, I am protected from frost, northerly winds, rains, &c., finally, from all the little causes that often make the land-tiller fear for his crops." Besides, he counts upon a gain of

about 50,000 francs from the publication of the works on the explorations, as Humboldt had voluntarily yielded one-half of the proceeds to his companion, and the whole proceeds of the botanical section. In the year 1808 the Empress Josephine made Bonpland Intendant of her country abode of Malmaison, with 6,000 francs of appointments. For five years and a half he administered and directed the gardens of that admirable domain; it is needless to state that he made of them the horticultural centre whence rare and beautiful plants radiated over France into the gardens of plant-lovers as well as of industrial florists. It was at the end of this period that he married a woman twenty years younger than himself. The union was not happy.

Notwithstanding the favourable situation in which the great botanist found himself in Europe, his restless temperament led him soon to look out for new fields of action. Bonpland was, in reality, a visionary, a generous optimist. He determined upon returning to South America and improving there what he had seen in Europe (especially in England) of the industrial applications of the vegetable kingdom. Humboldt, knowing the temper of his impulsive friend, felt that it would be vain to attempt to change his determination. In November, 1816, Bonpland sailed for Buenos Ayres, accompanied by his wife and her daughter of a first marriage.

Like most travellers and explorers, Bonpland left Europe with the expectation of returning, and of enjoying there, quietly, the fruits of a semi-scientific, semi-industrial, activity in South America, from which he confidently expected great material profits. The enterprise met with drawbacks; still, it would probably have been no disappointment but for one of the most inexplicable acts ever committed by an American ruler. We refer to the invasion of Argentine soil by Indian soldiers from Paraguay, sent by Francia, the epileptic despot, to sack and ruin the establishment of Bonpland and carry him a prisoner to Paraguay. It is doing almost too much honour to the memory of the contemptible tyrant to mention the deed. What were the motives is yet hardly known, and on the capture of Bonpland and his ten years of criminal detention on Paraguayan soil Mr. Hamy gives comparatively few details. The subject is manifestly a painful one to him, as it is to all of us. Liberated in the beginning of 1831, Bonpland spent the remainder of his life in the Argentine, in which republic he died in March, 1858, a few months before Humboldt. More than sixty years of uninterrupted friendship united these two great men. Only the captivity of Bonpland in Paraguay caused a break in a correspondence which would, otherwise, have been carried on continuously for forty-two years. The ten years of sequestration by Francia gave Humboldt occasion to exert and strain all the influences he could command in behalf of his unfortunate friend, but in vain; no European, no American intervention made any impression on Francia.

The interest which Dr. Hamy has known how to impart to his biographic sketch makes one deplore that it is so short. Many of the pieces of correspondence might have been spared with advantage and their contents told by Dr. Hamy himself. The letters are largely of a more intimate character than the letters of Humboldt published by Dr. Hamy, and naturally so, since this is the only collection of Bonpland's so far given to the public. It is interesting to compare the letters relating to the great South American journey with those of Humboldt on the same subject. There is much resemblance in tone as well as in spirit.

After his liberation from Paraguayan captivity, Bonpland, who had lost

everything and was then fifty-eight years of age, went to work at once to retrieve his losses. He succeeded in part, and this enabled him to close his days, if not in comparative ease, at least with freedom from immediate and pressing cares. He preserved his vitality to within a year or two of his death, the last description of his appearance being from the pen of Avé-Lallemant, when Bonpland was near the end. His wife had left him soon after their arrival at Buenos Ayres; three children of a later union cared for the last days of the scientist. The picture of his home is not attractive, but it must be remembered that, under the tropics, comfort is attained more easily than in northern climes.

A. F. B.

**Un Crépuscule d'Islam. Maroc. Par André Chevrillon.** Librairie Hachette et Cie. Paris, 1906.

It is rarely that a book is found where the title so well fits the subject and the style is so well suited to the title. Morocco, and chiefly its capital Fez, is the subject, and here the remnants of Moorish culture, as we are told it was once in Spain under the domination of the Arabs, seem to have found their last ditch. But it is really a *crépuscule*, and Mr. Chevrillon has well depicted it. Reading his descriptions of the old Moorish city, with its absolutely typical local colour, one feels tempted to close the eyes and to fancy Toledo, Cordova, not at the period of their glory, but when decline, material and mental, had set in.

Mr. Chevrillon writes a beautiful French. His language is always dignified and, above all, highly poetic. He floats, so to say, constantly on the same plane, higher than the majority of writers that handle such topics. There are no abrupt ups and downs in his style, none of those sudden plunges to the vulgar, or at least the trivial, that make one deplore noble pages marred by such concessions to popularity. Like a soft rippling surface of limpid water his words and phrases undulate almost imperceptibly along. The reader feels the soothing effect; he becomes dreamy, and finally drowsy. It is the atmosphere of a slumbering part of Africa, resting under the shadows of a weird past and the scorching heat of the not very distant desert.

The style, so eminently fitted to the subject, has great attractions, only it is wearisome in the end. One tires of the never interrupted maze of beautiful arabesques of words. One longs for dry and unadorned facts, for sentences terminating in some naked conclusion. Instead of it, one allegory chases the other; we find trouble, not seldom, in unravelling what the author really means. There is a wealth of interesting data, but they are not put clearly. The book is a painting, and not a source of solid information. Hence its value for geography is minimized, and there is little to pick out worthy of special notice. The description of the African shore is as monotonous as that shore itself; the impression is true, but an impression, subjective at that, cannot replace data. Most of the data concerning physiography, natural history, ethnology, are merely hinted at. We feel that the author knows what we would like to learn from him, but in lieu of giving it to us he turns into the channel of comparisons, at first attractive, then wearisome, but always very poetic.

Life at Fez must be rather monotonous, and it is not enticing for the European or the American. The conveniences, even the most modest, to which we are accustomed, must be foregone. Chairs are only displayed on state occasions; when Mr. Chevrillon had his audience of the Sultan that potentate sat on a chair. There is splendour and luxury in the abodes of the rich and mighty, but